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LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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The Reason.

BY C L. JAMES.

(Suggested by Mattie Hurson's letter in Lucifer, No 653.)

HE.
Love, what makes our love complete?
SHE.
That other love is also sweet.
HE.
Nay, for now we both may know
That this with each was always so:
It ever made our kiss more rare
With sweetest kisses to compare;
Kisses such as love, when free,
Breathed in balm for thee and me.
SHE.
Kisses such as first love sips
In nectar from the virgin lips,—
This ever made our love delight,
That love flowed free as flows the sight—
Kisses like—explain them thou—
Like what I may scarce avow.
HE.
Kisses such as burst like levin
Rending bare the blaze of heaven.
SHE.
Ah! I faint for joy and wonder
When their pow'r explodes in thunder!
HE.
Gentle drops from those sweet eyes
Were like those in clearing skies.
SHE.
But calms may make a sailor die.
HE.
And love wax faint in fairest eye.
SHE.
There needs no magic wand to move
Such storms as are not those of love.
HE.
What magic then restored that bliss
So easy lost, since here it is?
SHE.
Freedom gave it back to thee;
Freedom gave it back to me.
In others' arms we found again,
Through bliss, our own love, lost in pain.
HE.
When loosened from thine arms, how sweet
His love, released from his, to meet!
SHE
When folded in his arms; what bliss,
To claim her gladly unclaimed kiss!
HE.
With what renewed desire, amain,
I clasped thee to my breast again!
SHE.
'Twas candor taught there's naught so sweet,
As glowing from thine arms to meet.

Anarchistic Doings in Chicago.

BY REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

It is amusing to see one set of governmentalists—the voters of Chicago—denouncing another set of governmentalists—the state legislature—as anarchists.

—

Corporation Counsel Thornton finds it an easy task to turn the Chicago's swivel service law in any direction to suit the whim of his master, Mayor Harrison.

Think of the great Chicago daily newspapers preaching anarchy! Yet every one of them is denouncing government, as represented by the present state legislature.

—

Literally speaking, an anarchist is a person who is opposed to government. The present Illinois legislature seems to have turned nearly the entire population of Chicago into temporary anarchists.

—

Do the "good" citizens of Chicago who are opposing governmental invasion in the form of the passage of the Humphrey bills by the legislature at Springfield, realize that their conduct is anarchistic?

—

Why doesn't Governor Tanner call out the militia to suppress the mass-meetings now being held in Chicago at which the government is openly denounced by such erstwhile "patriots" as John W. Ela, John M. Hamline and Aldermen Harlan and Kent?

—

Julius S. Grinnell represented the government in the prosecution of the so-called anarchists after the Haymarket riot. As general counsel for a Chicago street railway company Mr. Grinnell is still representing the government in trying to induce a willing legislature to extend the franchises of the Chicago street railways fifty years.

—

All the time John P. Altgeld was governor of the state of Illinois he was denounced by the republican press as an "anarchist." At a mass meeting last week when he denounced the government, as represented by the present Illinois legislature, he was cheered to the echo by some of the very men who had denounced him when he was governor.

—

If the Humphrey bills, extending the franchises of Chicago street railways, should become laws and Alderman Harlan should address an indignation meeting and use the expression "Throttle the law!" (for he used words of similar import at a mass meeting in Chicago Tuesday, April 20,) would he be subjected to the same punishment as was imposed on Samuel Fielden? If so, and if Governor Tanner should pardon him, would Tanner be denounced as an anarchist, as Governor Altgeld was for pardoning Fielden?

—

Just as the friends of freedom, who are consequently enemies of governmental invasion, have begun to make the name "anarchist" a title of honor rather than of infamy, the governmentalists seek to appropriate the name for themselves. Alderman John H. Harlan, late independent candidate for mayor of Chicago, said in a mass meeting one night last week: "Anarchists are those men who defame the law by making the very law itself the instrument of violating the liberties of the people, of stealing the property of the people." In what other manner were the liberties of the people in this country ever violated? Stick to your own name, John. Such men are governmentalists, not anarchists.

DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
JUL 21 1923
Received

From Prostitution and Marriage to Love.

(Programme for a new chapter in White's "Warfare of Science with Theology.")

BY C. L. JAMES.

Prostitution is the most ancient of primitive institutions. Among the lowest savages, with whom no other has taken form, the women are slaves, belonging, like other chattels, to the horde in common; and no woman is allowed to refuse any man satisfaction. This of course is a kind of prostitution; but the growing science of historical criticism shows it to be that primitive stock, whereof prostitution as practiced among more civilized nations is merely an attenuated branch. It is, of course, older than marriage; which arose as follows:

When a warrior of one horde captured a woman from another, he claimed her as his peculiar acquisition. Since this was contrary to the primitive communism, it was resisted. The captors, being usually great chiefs, in a measure got their way, but only by yielding many points to the demands of the multitude. The woman was first ravished by all the warriors, (this was done among the Indians quite lately); then, on paying a fee, the captor was held to have extinguished the tribe's right in her. Kissing the bride, and treating on marriage, are relics of these customs.

It was a fixed rule that a wife could only be obtained from a foreign tribe and by capture. But when neighboring tribes became practically one nation through intermarriages, capture was so much less convenient than purchase as to be evaded. A form denoting it remained, to save the woman's kinsfolk's reputation; and such forms have continued in all countries to the present day. (See Lubbock "Origin of Civilization," and McLennan "Primitive Marriage.")

But practically girls were now sold, not taken. The rule that marriage must be out of one's own tribe (clan) gradually became obsolete, because clanship itself, though universal among primitive people, is an institution which declines in the process of social evolution. Those women whom individuals did not buy for wives continued to be prostituted. Throughout antiquity, daughters of free parents were always "given in marriage" at a reasonable age. The prostitutes were mostly common slaves; in some countries, as India, they were the women of a particular clan; but everywhere a girl who formed a connection for herself was held to have fallen into their ranks, and required to live as they did.

It is evident both institutions were forms of female slavery, but prostitution in some visible respects is the more open and shocking of the two. Accordingly it became rather unpopular where decline of polygamy had caused women to be somewhat more highly regarded than formerly. This was chiefly in Europe; for polygamy is inconsistent with the European policy of concentrating landed estates. But the Jews, for a similar reason, also discontinued polygamy somewhat early; so among them too, after the captivity, women were in a measure exalted and prostitution was unpopular.

Among other nations, however, especially the Hindoos, the Phoenicians, and the Syro-Egyptian races generally except the Jews, the older institution was highly honored, and formed an important part of religion. Now the ideal of contemplative souls in any country is always the reverse of the actual practice. In these very countries, therefore, in India and in Syria, arose the great ascetic religions, Buddhism and Christianity, which taught that sexual indulgence is at best a necessary evil—that all forms, easily recognized as gross, like prostitution, are totally to be abhorred.

It would be unfair not to say that primitive Christianity, endowed as yet with something of its founder's spirit, did a little to weaken both marriage and prostitution. Exalting celibacy above both, it provided a refuge for a few wives, as Rhadegonda, innumerable maidens, and some prostituees—Magdalen, Afra, Pelagia, etc. It wholly discredited the barbarous laws, "once a prostitute always a prostitute," which had been universal in antiquity. But it wholly missed the true remedy of setting women entirely free. Ascetic, aiming to restrain sexual indulgence; dogmatic, pursuing its aims by positive precepts and punishments; and wholly destitute of the scientific spirit; it destroyed the liberal divorce laws which had grown up under the Roman Empire, and which continued in Provence until the thirteenth century. Having thus riveted the chains of marriage, it was soon compelled to make those of prostitution heavier. For prostitution can exist—it did, in the earliest period, without marriage; but marriage cannot possibly exist without prostitution.

Those Christian sovereigns, like Louis IX. of France (St. Louis), and, long after him, Maria Theresa, who actually put down prostitution for a time, soon found they were breaking up marriage by the same process, and reluctantly repealed their ordinance.

Thus even to the prostitutes, Christianity proved worse than paganism. Some pagan systems had very consistently honored them, as holy women devoted to making others happy. Christians, from St. Paul to Leap-frog Parkhurst, have usually had no remedy for their misery to suggest but treating them more cruelly than before.

The better era began with the Reformation, which broke th power of the Church. The martyr archbishop, Cranmer, was the first Englishman to propose a liberal divorce law, such as his country has adopted in our time. Two centuries later, Emanuel Swedenborg announced, without opposition, the sublime truth that love alone sanctifies sexual intercourse. He made the enormous mistake of supposing that love, to be genuine, must needs be dual; but it was a timely mistake, for a gospel of variety would not then have been listened to; and those whom he set to hunting "affinities" soon discovered that there are none.

Then the French Revolution introduced rational methods of legislation. Robert Owen, and others who imbibed its spirit, procured, in different countries, laws about divorce which realized the hopes of Cranmer, Milton, Swedenborg, and other premature reformers. The Spiritualists popularized and liberalized Swedenborg's ideas.

I feel a delicacy in pursuing the subject further, because of the *quorum pars fin.* But the later reformers treated the matter scientifically. They showed that nothing but harm could come of trying to make people love wisely by law. They exposed the origin of marriage and its inseparable alliance with prostitution. They organized to secure the rights of illegitimate children.

The Church's opposition was fierce and bitter. She declaimed against divorce. She stultified herself by condemning Swedenborg's conception of love. She persecuted the exposers of her shame under the pretence that their wi gs were "obscene." I have no doubt the future historian w relate that when marriage and prostitution were destroyed, she claimed the credit of destroying them, and quote Jesus to prove "that they who shall be counted worthy to receive that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage."

A Pitiful Experience.

BY REV. JESSE H. JONES.

Some time ago I received a brief note by a round-about way, saying that the writer had seen a letter of mine printed years ago in Dr. Foote's "Health Monthly," in which I spoke of the seat of spiritual love as in the chest (or heart region), and asking me to write. It was also requested that I should send the letter enclosed to a certain other party. I did as requested, and received a long letter of personal experience of such a nature that I have concluded to make some extracts and follow with comments.

"Allow me to give you a little sketch of my life. I was born in a pure home. My mother was converted at the age of eleven, and was a very pure and modest woman. My father was one of the purest of men; "pure as a woman," some hav

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said of him. I married at eighteen; and here is where the wonder began. I could not be sensual. I was converted at the age of fifteen, and am of a sensitive and poetical and spiritual nature; and early began to question,—Why, why were some things so; when I did not want them that way? It took me so long to learn that God did not want it so either.

"I heard from my husband that I never should have married, when I had such feelings. I wanted my husband's love; and did not want always to be receiving for my caresses sensual gratification. I was told that was what I was for. Believe me, I never was rebellious in my heart; only longing and questioning. I was told I would be a divorced wife in a hurry, did I refuse to do my duty; and that that was what God intended me for. I was willing, if that was God's way; but O! how could it be? For my soul was so hungry, and I loathed the thought of gratifying passion. I could see how inconsistent it was to expect young men and women to be pure, when married people were not."

Then follows a brief account of a deep, extraordinary and precious, religious experience, which I much desire to print, if only I could find a place where it would be acceptable, the outcome of which she gives in these words:

"God showed me, under an awful test, that I did not have to yield my poor body to my husband any more. He could or would not see as I did; and I was willing to do or suffer any thing to be kept for God. I have four children, and one grandchild; and for five years have been His temple, not to be defiled. It is eight years since I had the experience I write of.

"Of course, as it is, I am useless to a husband who cares for flesh; and I cannot tell you how alone I live. I have not one Christian friend that lives a life of continence. I have talked to a hundred; and oh! the sad women I know, longing, as I did; and none dare to trust Him; and still suffer on."

Much more she writes; but all her experience comes under religious forms, so that it is not such as to be acceptable to many readers of this periodical. And my heart says, Will the time ever come when liberals will be so really liberal that they can receive the expression of the experience of such a poor, suffering woman in the way natural to her, without offense? I only add that she says, "I belong to the Methodist church."

This is the kind of a case that makes a true man's blood boil. A Godly, Christian woman, pure in heart and gentle in life, is used by her husband, as no male wild beast uses its mate. This base, shameful, outrageous, cruel violence cannot be over denounced. To think that lions, tigers, wolves, bears, deer, moose, elk, cattle, sheep, swine, every kind of living thing, wild or tame, that suckles its young,—there is not one kind of them all but the male treats his female so much better than this man treats his female, that to call him a beast is to insult every real beast that lives. Human speech does not possess a word that can fitly characterize such a man, unless it be to call him a *monster*.

And the woman is so bestead, that, although on account of her bodily ailments, this man does not now wreak himself upon her, yet she dare not have a letter to herself come through the post office directly; but she has to have it come to the house of a compassionate woman neighbor, and be brought by hand to her.

And this is not by any means the worst of it. The worst is that there is no public opinion against such conduct. Except the outbursts of some occasional individual, all society is silent: or if any speak, the only word spoken is to tell the unfortunate to keep her sufferings to herself, and not spread abroad her shame before the world. And lest it should be thought that this is some solitary case, I will add that facts which have come to my knowledge seem to make it probable that there is one such sufferer to every five hundred persons in this land.

Some time there must and will come a movement, in which men and women will share together, to establish an order of genuine humans on the earth, every member of which will have to be right and clean in sex, and in which it will be impossible for a man to be a member who is baser, viler, crueler than any beast is capable of being; but in which every man will be a true human, "giving honor to the wife as to the weaker vessel."

A true human is one who walks according to the spirit and not according to the flesh, who puts the wife in control of sex according to the universal law of nature, who counts parentage as the supreme essential outcome of sex, and makes all else subsidiary thereto, and who has love, reverence and honor for woman. When will this company of true humans gather, to teach with all their might the true life of sex, to live it, and to make a safe retreat in the world for all who wish to live in that upright and holy way?

The church tells of a Glad Tidings which it has to proclaim to the human race; and that message is real and true. But the gladdest glad tidings which can be proclaimed in the ears of mankind on the face of the earth today is, that the time has come to break the yoke of man from off the neck of woman, and let oppressed womanhood go free. The time is fulfilled; and now, *now*, NOW, the supreme word is, to make woman free in her womanhood; and the work of all others in the earth is to bring this word, as the word of the Most High, to every man, until it shall pierce as a sword to the core of his heart,—until no man can bear the baseness and degradation of saying to his woman, what the husband told of above said to his,—until the true humanhood in sex shall develop into the universal way of life of mankind in all our land, and finally throughout the globe.

Readers, every soul of you, according to your gifts and powers, spread, spread the good word.

Continence and Contracepts.

BY AMY LINNETT.

The friend at Mr. Harman's elbow voices my sentiments as to Mrs. Waisbrooker's theories. I want to express my opinions, because I am not sure that that friend was a woman, and I can take one woman's standpoint.

Let me say that I have known men perfectly willing to practice continence if the woman so wished, but does Mrs. Waisbrooker claim that a normal woman will so wish? I know that there are numbers of women at the present time who contemplate sex relations with abhorrence and disgust, and we cannot be surprised at this when we come to learn their conditions of life. On the other hand, many of our younger radical women are among those who are not ashamed to avow the deliciousness of their sex, as Walt Whitman puts it.

To argue against contracepts as "unnatural" is a mere begging of the question. I do not admit they are, except in the same sense that anesthetics or balloons are. To say anything is "unnatural" is usually the method of a person who has no real argument to advance. I should myself deplore the taste of a woman who preferred self-relief to the use of a suitable contracept, because I should think it a form of self-sacrifice wholly without justification. That is a matter for individual judgment, but I have great faith as to the ultimate outcome.

I have been appealed to within the last week by a believer in Diana methods for the name of some firm dealing in contracepts. She wished the information "for a friend."

Contracepts are the only means whereby some women can avoid having children, and should be recognized as such by our "continence" advocates. It is not every woman who can, like Nora, leave husband and children and face the world alone. The alternatives are unwelcome children or limitation of the family.

Perhaps the fact that I am not yet thirty instead of seventy has something to do with my feeling in this matter. I want it distinctly understood that the free woman does not "consent to unnatural sex relations" (Mrs. Waisbrooker's expression for the use of contracepts) "in order to please" her lover, but in order to please herself. One-sided relations cannot be satisfactory. It is only what is mutually desired that will satisfy the self-respecting woman.

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 297, and C. E. 1897"?

ANS. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper hat has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—
For Reason against Superstition;
For Science against Tradition—
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
For Liberty against Slavery—
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER'S speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon Each Individual.

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BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, May 11. Charles Turner Brown will read a paper.

Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

"The True Life of Sex."

For most of Lucifer's readers no help is needed in the way of editorial comment upon anything that appears in our columns. The subject of sex—the most important factor in human life, human happiness or human misery, is one that is not new to the majority of those to whom our Light-Bearer makes its weekly visits. But to those who have paid little or no attention to sexologic questions it may be well, occasionally, to insert a few running comments from the standpoint of the editorial staff.

Among the noteworthy articles in this week's Lucifer is one entitled "A Pitiful Experience," consisting of extracts from a letter written to Rev. Jesse H. Jones, with some comments thereon by that gentleman himself. Mr. Jones is known to many of our readers as an able writer upon sex ethics and upon race-culture, from a Christian point of view; and it may not be amiss to add just here, that though a Christian minister he is not a "dead-head." He does not ask for privileges because of his clerical profession or ministerial title, but pays his subscription, and therefore has the same kind of right to space in Lucifer that our "liberal" contributors possess.

The first and most noticeable feature in the comments appended to the "Pitiful Experience" is the substantial agreement between Mr. Jones and Lucifer's central thought, or main contention, which agreement he states in his closing paragraph, "The gladdest of glad tidings which can be proclaimed in the ears of mankind on the face of the earth today is, that the time has come to break the yoke of man from off the neck of woman and let oppressed womanhood go free."

No better statement can be made of the demand that Lucifer has been making for many years than is this noble utterance from a man who still calls himself a minister of the faith whose leading apostles, and whose so-called "divine revelation," have done more, perhaps, than all other agencies to forge and rivet the chains of slavery upon the body and soul of woman, and place both body and soul under the irresponsible domination of man.

Yes, Brother Jones, "the time is fulfilled, and now, *now*, NOW, the supreme word is to make woman free in her womanhood; and the work of all others in the earth is to bring this word as the word of"—*whom* or of *what?* If Mr. Jones had said, "as the word of enlightened human reason," or "as the word of evoluted humanity." some of us could have understood him better and could have endorsed without reserve his "banner cry," in its entirety, but the word "Most High," puts us on our guard, and compels us to ask, '*Whose* 'Most High?'" or "What do you mean by the 'word of the 'Most High'?"

If Brother Jones has a "Most High" of his own making—if it be true that every man makes his own god, then the being idealized, or idolized, by our ministerial friend would probably not be very objectionable to the most pronounced Rationalist, but if he means the Christian and Hebrew "Jehovah"—the "Lord God" of Abraham, of Moses, of Joshua, of David and of "John the Revelator," then the advocate of civil liberty and equality would far more consistently and hopefully appeal to the "word" of Emperor William of Prussia, or of the Czar of Russia, and the advocate of religious liberty to the "word" of the most bigoted pope that ever filled the pontifical chair, than can any one appeal to the Christian's "Most High" for help in the work of breaking the yoke of man from off the neck of womanhood.

To show what the "God-idea" has done and is now doing to fasten the yoke of man upon the neck of woman, I would respectfully recommend Mrs. Cady Stanton's "Woman's Bible," and Mrs. Joslyn Gage's "Woman Church and State."

Then, as to what freedom from man's yoke really means for woman,—what "true humanhood in sex" means—I fear there is not such accord between the position of Rev. Mr. Jones and that of Lucifer as could be wished. The freedom attained by the woman whose body is now "His temple, not to be defiled," seems to some of us to be simply the freedom of the Catholic nun in the cloister, that is, the freedom of sex-starvation. Is this Brother Jones' idea of the freedom of womanhood? Is this his standard of purity and of virtue in sex-relationships? I do not think it is his idea, and if he will tell us, in few words, just what he means by the "true life of sex," and what he means by the "movement to establish an order of genuine humans on earth," he will confer a favor on sex-reformers, whether from the Christian or Rationalist standpoint. We cannot promise much space to any one contributor but discussions of the subjects treated upon by our Christian brother in this week's Lucifer are the most vitally important of all discussions relating to human welfare and human progress.

"What Shall I Say to My Child?"

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

This is one of the questions I am frequently called on to answer, and am asked what books are best to place in the hands of the young.

There are many mothers who fancy they have themselves left the Valleys of Superstition, who yet feel, in memory, the gray mist which enshrouded their own childhood, and who can not realize there is no necessity that their own children should pass their young lives in ignorance and shame.

To the first question I answer: "Tell the truth!" If you desire to preserve your child's confidence in you, let it understand that you are always perfectly frank with it. Children are as different in character from each other as are men and women, and that fact renders it difficult to recommend or write

any book which would interest and instruct all children. But a mother can and should make a study of her own child, should understand its desires, tastes, and trend of thought. If she is herself ignorant on any point, she should say, frankly, "I do not know; but we will study together." The pleasure of feeling the mother to be a companion in the search for knowledge instead of merely a teacher, who knows it all in advance, has advantages which are obvious.

"It is not so much what you say as how you say it," is a trite statement. If a woman has been so unfortunate as to conceive a child "in shame," she should have outgrown that feeling by the time the child has arrived at the questioning age, and be able to tell of the processes of nature in the development of the embryo with as little sense of shame, and with as great an uplifting feeling of beauty as she might feel when explaining to the child that when the tiny pansy seed is dropped into the warm, moist earth the warmth and moisture cause the seed to swell and burst and put forth a slender stem from which the leaves unfold and grow, while the earth and water nourish and the sun warms, until one day the great purple pansy, which so strikingly resembles the round, innocent face of a child, bursts into full bloom. Never give the child the impression that there is anything in natural, healthy life of which to be ashamed. Nothing is "nasty" in itself. Teach the child by word and example that every part of its body is pure if kept clean; that there is use for every organ and function. If you warn it against certain practices, give a reason for it. Children can understand reasons if you try to make the reasons clear to to them. If your child puts its finger in its eye, do you exclaim, "Don't! Shame on you! That's nasty!" On the contrary, do you not explain that the eye is a delicate organ of sight, which may be seriously injured by such treatment?

A friend of mine, one of the most rational women I know, told me that her little boy aged eleven had one day asked her, "Mamma, what makes the babies grow? Can women make them come when they want to,—or how?" She had previously explained to him the mother principle, but not the father principle, and when this question came she could not answer, but evaded it as best she could. She is a superior woman, yet she could not shake off the old sense of shame and tell her son simply and candidly just how conception took place. By her evident dodging of the question she risked lowering herself in the estimation of that child, for it is probable that he had heard something of it from other boys, and her evasion would naturally lead him to think that she felt ashamed of the act which called him into existence, and she missed an opportunity of impressing on his mind the sacredness of love. She could have told him, as I know she feels, that only in love can such a relation be enjoyed at its highest, and have given him helpful thoughts that would have aided him in maintaining respect for his mother, for himself, and for the girls and women of his acquaintance.

Do you like to do certain things, or abstain from doing other things, merely because of an arbitrary "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not"? Of course you want to know the reason. Then why should you desire your child to act blindly without reason? Would you send your child on a journey through the wilderness at night, telling him only of imaginary hobgoblins which might snatch him if he did not close his eyes and pray to Great Jove and Great Grundy at every step? Would you not rather tell him of the real rocks and ditches, brambles and hills in his pathway, and give him a light whereby he could see and avoid them?

Book Notes.

"Value and an Invariable Unit of Value," is the title of a book of 132 pages written by William A. Whittick, who is well known as a writer on economics and also as a writer of poems of freedom. Mr. Whittick claims to have made the important economic discovery of an invariable unit of value, which economists have long believed to be an impossible thing. He criticises the definitions of value given by many economists, and points out what he considers their errors. In his preface he says:

"The savants tell us that our problem is unsolvable—that an invariable standard of value is unattainable—yea, inconceivable—that it is the 'squaring of the circle' for economists; but we brush the savants aside and we give political economy a determination of its 'fundamental idea' value, and a standard measure and unit of value, invariable for all time, perfect in its functions and attributes. A science of political economy is now possible."

The book is written in a spirit of apparent fairness and good temper, and the arguments it presents will doubtless interest many friends of the present gold-standard currency as well as the champions of bimetallism. For sale at Lucifer office. Price, paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, $1.

* * *

Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan's latest publication is a handsome little book of 133 pages whose import is pretty fully set forth in the title, a part of which is ("A Scientific Secret Revealed.) Periodicity, the absolutel aw of the entire universe long known to control all matter, now revealed as the law of all Life." Prof. Buchanan is well known as a writer on scientific and metaphysical subjects. The theory he advances in this little book is elaborated in his usual emphatic and oracular manner. Price, 50 cents.

Memorial Tribute to Prof. E. D. Cope.

We, the undersigned societies, fairly representing, we believe the freethinkers of Philadelphia, recognizing in the death of Prof. Edward Cope a profound and irreparable loss to our movement, inasmuch as he was undoubtedly one of the foremost and ablest opponents of those religious superstitions which it is our aim to eradicate, do hereby render tribute to his memory.

A most indefatigable worker in the fields of those experimental sciences upon which the burden of the proofs of evolution rests, a prolific and lucid writer upon such subjects, having contributed many valuable books to contemporaneous scientific literature, a patient and conscientious educator, having as such an incalculable influence upon our youth in laying the foundations of a superstructure of ethical life without the props of superstition, a most courteous and kindly gentleman, with no empty pride of knowledge, but ready to give freely of his learning whenever time permitted as evinced by the many lectures delivered before our societies with no other compensation than the consciousness of pleasing and instructing,—lectures beneficial both by their intrinsic worth and by the additional influence of his personality, we are compelled to declare that,

"He was a man,—take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

The Academy and the University have mourned him as investigator and educator; we, in addition, mourn him as liberator.

This declaration of our rights shall be forwarded to the various liberal journals.

The above was endorsed by the Friendship Liberal League, Sunday, April 18, 1897. GEO. LONGFORD, Sec'y.

The above was unanimously adopted by the Ladies Liberal League, April, 21, 1897.

HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Long ere this the assurance had been Imelda's that Edith and Hilda were both true sisters of their brother Wilbur, and that they espoused sex reform in its highest sense, and when an hour later these two bright girls joined the Ellwood sisters Cora was again surprised to hear the same sentiments voiced in equally strong language. Hilda knelt beside the dumbfounded Cora, and while playfully fondling her hand told her of plans that had been maturing in that youthful head.

"Sometime," she said, "when we shall have more money at our command than now, we will build ourselves a home. O, such a glorious, beautiful home, in some retired or isolated spot, and our lovers shall come and share it. But only just so long as they are our lovers, for we want no masters. We shall be strong enough, and capable of standing at the head of our home ourselves, and directing its management. Don't you think so? Our home shall be our kingdom, and we shall reign queens therein, and our lovers will be our dear friends and comrades, instead of husbands. Will not that be glorious?"

With an experience such as hers had been it was not much to be wondered at that Cora became an apt pupil of this, to her, new doctrine, and of which this trio of girls were such enthusiastic advocates. Edith and Imelda smiled as they listened to the glowing description of *Hilda's* home while a new and wonderful light began to glow in the hazel eyes of the bewildered Cora, and then she began to question, and all the time one utterance of Hilda's kept ringing in her ears: "When we shall have more money." When? But first she wanted to know and understand, and for a while she kept the trio busy answering her questions. She had become deeply interested and now wanted fully to understand.

"How many are there in this scheme? How many such daring members are there?"

"Well," answered Hilda, "there are four of us here; for of course you are in it. Then that wonderful brother of ours is the lover of a sweet girl in that western home of yours. Margaret Leland is her name."

"Margaret Leland!" interrupted Cora, and looked inquiringly at Imelda. "Was there not——"

"The same," said Imelda. "She was employed at the same store where we used to work, and for years has been my best friend. It is to her largely that I am indebted for my present views. But now please let Hilda proceed."

"Well," continued Hilda, "Margaret's mother comes next. From all accounts we could not well get along without her and——well, I don't know. Is there anyone else?"—looking inquiringly at the girls.

"I think," answered Imelda, "it will be perfectly safe to count Mrs. Westcot in——'Alice Day,' Cora, I was speaking of her before. That makes seven, I believe, and who knows, by the time 'our home' is built there may be as many more."

"And how many lovers are there?" asked Cora. This caused a little laugh.

"One I know, and two I believe," was Imelda's answer to Cora's question. "Wilbur Wallace, the brother of these dear girls, we can be sure of, and Norman Carlton I hope may soon be able to see clear enough to be willing that woman should in all things be able to decide for herself."

"Who is Norman Carlton?"

A beautiful rosy color swept over Imelda's sweet face, and Cora was answered. "O," she said with a slight gasping sound, "now I know how you understood so well." Then Hilda spoke:

"I have been waiting for Edith to make some kind of announcement, but she sings 'mum.'"

"Hilda!"

"Edith! I am not afraid, sister mine. You know you met a very interesting gentleman last year in our rambles on the mountains."

"Yes! but child, you also know that we have not seen him since, and as we had just received a call to come home immediately we left without a word of farewell;—then again we did not get a deep enough insight into the views of Paul Arthur to enable us to ascertain whether or not he is a Free Lover."

"O, but I have heard him express himself very clearly at one time on the subject of marriage. 'It is the grave of love,' he said, 'the altar upon which the holiest emotions are sacrificed.'"

"It may all be true," Edith replied, "but, as I remarked before, we may never see or hear from him again."

"But," Hilda said, kissing Cora's pale cheek, "have you no contribution to make in the shape of a lover?" Slowly the rich color swept over the pale face; involuntarily her eye sought Imelda's. Was there a meaning in the glance? She smiled.

"Can you see the rising sun?" Imelda asked, but for answer the pearly drops filled the sad eyes. "O, if I dared hope." To the inquiring looks of the sisters Imelda replied:

"When Cora is stronger I am sure she will tell you her story in all its details, as you have proved yourself so trustworthy. A cloud at present overcasts the heaven of her love; but don't clouds always in the course of nature move on, and are not the heavens always so much clearer and more beautiful after their removal? So hope, little sister. I expect ere long to look into the sunny laughing eyes of your Owen. The world is large but not so large but that the divine magnet of love will attract and direct each one to his or her affinity."

Thus bringing hope and cheer to the weary aching heart of the girl the days, one by one, passed by.

Several weeks more had now passed away. Cora had gained rapidly in strength, and as Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were now daily expected to return home and the girls wishing to avoid an explanation it was thought best to remove the patient to the abode of the Westcots. Alice was also anxious to have Imelda return as she was fast losing all control of her little daughters. Tender, loving mother that she was she was totally unfit to train her little ones. Besides she was not yet as strong as she might be.

With an unwilling heart Cora had bade good bye to the sisters who had shown her so much kindness and love. Imelda's eyes, too, had filled with tears as she kissed both gentle girls, but she carried with her the promise that she should soon see both at "Maple Lawn." Cora's cheeks were tinged with a faint peach-bloom color denoting the return of health, and her eyes sparkled as she and Imelda were swiftly driven along towards the outskirts of the city where the Westcot mansion was situated amid its beautiful gardens. Just as the setting sun was casting the last golden rays across their path the carriage drove up the beautiful maple-drive to where little Alice, in daintiest of white gowns, was awaiting them, her eyes sparkling with joy at the prospect of having Imelda once more with her. The little girls also, arrayed in their pretty white dresses, were watching for their "Miss Meldy." They clapped their little hands and fairly danced with delight when the figure of their young teacher alighted. They grew somewhat quieter when a second lady, so pale and languid, stepped from the carriage and slowly followed the more quick moving Imelda. She caught the little ones in her arms and they clung to her as if they would never again let go of their beloved friend. Alice, finding herself overlooked in this meeting, turned to Cora. Holding out both hands in welcome she soon made the sad-eyed girl feel that her words were no formal phrase, but that they came from a warm impulsive heart.

"I hope not to be a burden long," said Cora. "I am beginning to feel quite strong now, and in a short time hope to be able to look about for some work to do."

Alice laid her hand upon her lips,

"Not one word more. A burden indeed! On the contrary I feel as though I had a great deal to make good. *This*, (touching with her dainty finger the red mark which was just peeping from beneath the mass of ringlets that covered the young girl's forehead) this will be a constant reminder of what might have proved a fatal accident, and as yet I have had no opportunity to right the wrong that has been done." Cora protested but Alice had her way, as that little woman invariably did have. She herself conducted her up the wide staircase to the room which had been set apart for her and which adjoined Imelda's.

"I thought you two might want to be near each other," she explained. "But now let me help you dress for dinner. I will be your dressing maid. How long do you expect still to nurse your arm? It must be tiresome to have it so tightly bandaged."

Cora smiled.

"O yes," she said. "It will be quite pleasant when I shall be able to move about with more freedom again. I will not then feel so much as if I were a constant task on some one's hands, so almost perfectly useless."

"Please don't!" In a pleading manner the little woman spoke the words: "Can I not make you understand that you are not a task and burden? Had it not been for that almost fatal drive those long weary weeks of pain would have been spared you——"

"And in all probability *I* should have missed meeting the best of friends,—would have failed to find my one, my only sister. No! no! the little pain that I have endured does not so much matter, and if you can all have patience with me until my strength returns and I am once more myself I am sure I have every reason not to complain, for the good the last few weeks have brought me far outweighs everything they may have contained of unpleasantness."

To be continued.

VARIOUS VOICES.

A. H. Frank, Buffalo, N. Y.:—Last Lucifer [No. 653] is worth the price of a year's subscription.

E. B. Foote, Jr., New York:—Here's an Easter offering of ten dollars, less the cost of half a dozen April "Our New Humanity" which I will hope to have when out.

Henry C. Roberts, Bennington, Kan.:--We were much incensed—and deeply regret the treatment you received at the hands of H. L. Green, editor of the so-called "Free Thought Magazine. We feel that in his assaults upon the cause which you so ably represent, he strikes a blow at the very foundations upon which Liberty rests. Enclosed find one dollar to apply on Lucifer and twenty cents for two copies of "What the Young Should Know."

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[We send files of back numbers at fifty cents a year—or one cent per copy, to all regular subscribers to Lucifer, as long as the supply of back numbers lasts. Hope our Canadian friend will not lose track of us again. M. H.]

Mrs. M. L. Porter, Lincoln, Neb.:—What I will term a fortunate circumstance threw two copies of "Our New Humanity" in my way—one containing "The Prodigal Daughter." I have read many things but never anything that fills the bill so entirely as they do. Enclosed find twenty-five cents for a later copy of "Our New Humanity." I would be glad to place the number that treats of "The Prodigal Daughter" in the hands of all mothers who could be persuaded to read it, but all women are not interested as they should be in this most important of all subjects, and many who are held by the church would repudiate the whole thing.

L. W., San Francisco, Calif.:—Brother Moses: The following is copied from a letter just received; the money was enclosed. This is the second time he has thus done missionary work. An excellent example for other smokers to follow: "I have never considered myself a heavy smoker; late years I have evoluted out of it. Every Sunday I put twenty cents in a tin box under the stove. That is what the weed cost me, and when I get three dollars I send it to you for books. Please send the books named to Mrs. ——."

[The writer of the above note to me is Lois Waisbrooker, whose present address is 1425 Howard street, San Francisco. As indicated Mrs. Waisbrooker is handling her own books. Her friends who wish to order from her can do so at the address named. M. H.]

Jonathan Mayo Crane, Chicago:—"The Functions of Government," in No. 656, furnished the provocation for the following lines:

My pen to take I hesitate
To write the thoughts that agitate
My mind when I do contemplate
L. Berrier's use of "innovate."
Just what he meant I cannot state,
Unless it was to adumbrate
The point he sought to illustrate;
To cause us all to cogitate
And meditate and lucubrate,
And do our best to explicate
The vague suggestion inchoate.
Now if he will elucidate
That word it will accommodate
His readers in the aggregate,
And help them to appreciate
His way to ratiocinate.
I wait sedate. I hate debate;
So let him tell me fair and straight
Just what he meant. Say't, Berrier, say't!

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